

Then *Yorke* be still a while till time do serue,
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To prye into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry surfeiting in ioyes of loue,
With his new bride, and Englands deare bought *Queene*,
And *Humphrey* with the Peeres be false at iarres,
Then will I raise aloft the milke-white Rose,
With whose sweete smell the ayre shall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,
To grapple with the house of *Lancaster*:
And force perforce, Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish rule hath puld faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

*Enter Duke Humphrey, and Dame Ellanor
Cobham his wife.*

Elnor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,
Hanging the head at *Cearies* plenteous load?
What seest thou Duke *Humphrey* King *Henries* Crowne?
Reach at it, and if thine arme be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,
Vnckle to the King and his Protector?
Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content thy mind?

Humph. My louely *Nell*, far be it from my heart,
To thinke of Treasons gainst my soueraigne lord,
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,
And God I pray, it do betide no ill.

Elnor. What dreapt my lord? Good *Humphrey* tel it me,
And ile interpret it, and when thats done,
Ile tell thee then what I did dreame to night.

Humph. This night when I was laid in bed, I dreapt that
This my staffe mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd,
The heads of the Cardinall of *Winchester*,
And *William de la Poole* first Duke of *Suffolke*.

Elnor. Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this,

That

That he that breakes a stick of *Glosters* groue,
Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head.
But now my lord, ile tell you what I dreamt,
Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At *Westminster*, and seated in the chaire
Where the Kings and *Queenes* are crownde, and at my feete
Henry and *Margaret* with a crowne of gold,
Stood ready to set it on my princely head.

Humph. Fie *Nell*, ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not second woman in this land,
And the Protector's wife, belou'd of him,
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus?
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

Elnor. How now my Lord! what, angry with your *Nell*
For telling but her dreame? the next I haue
Ile keepe to my selfe and not be rated thus.

Humph. Nay *Nell*, ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. And it please your grace the King and *Queene* to
morrow morning will ride a hawking to *Saint Albones*, and
craues your companie along with them.

Humph. With all my heart, I will attend his grace:
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs I am sure.

exit Humphrey.

Elnor. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
But ere it be long, ile go before them all,
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,
Who is within there?

Enter sir Iohn Hum.

What sir *Iohn Hum*, what newes with you?

sir Iohn. Iesus preserue your maiesty.

Elnor. My maiestie, why man? I am but grace,

B

sir